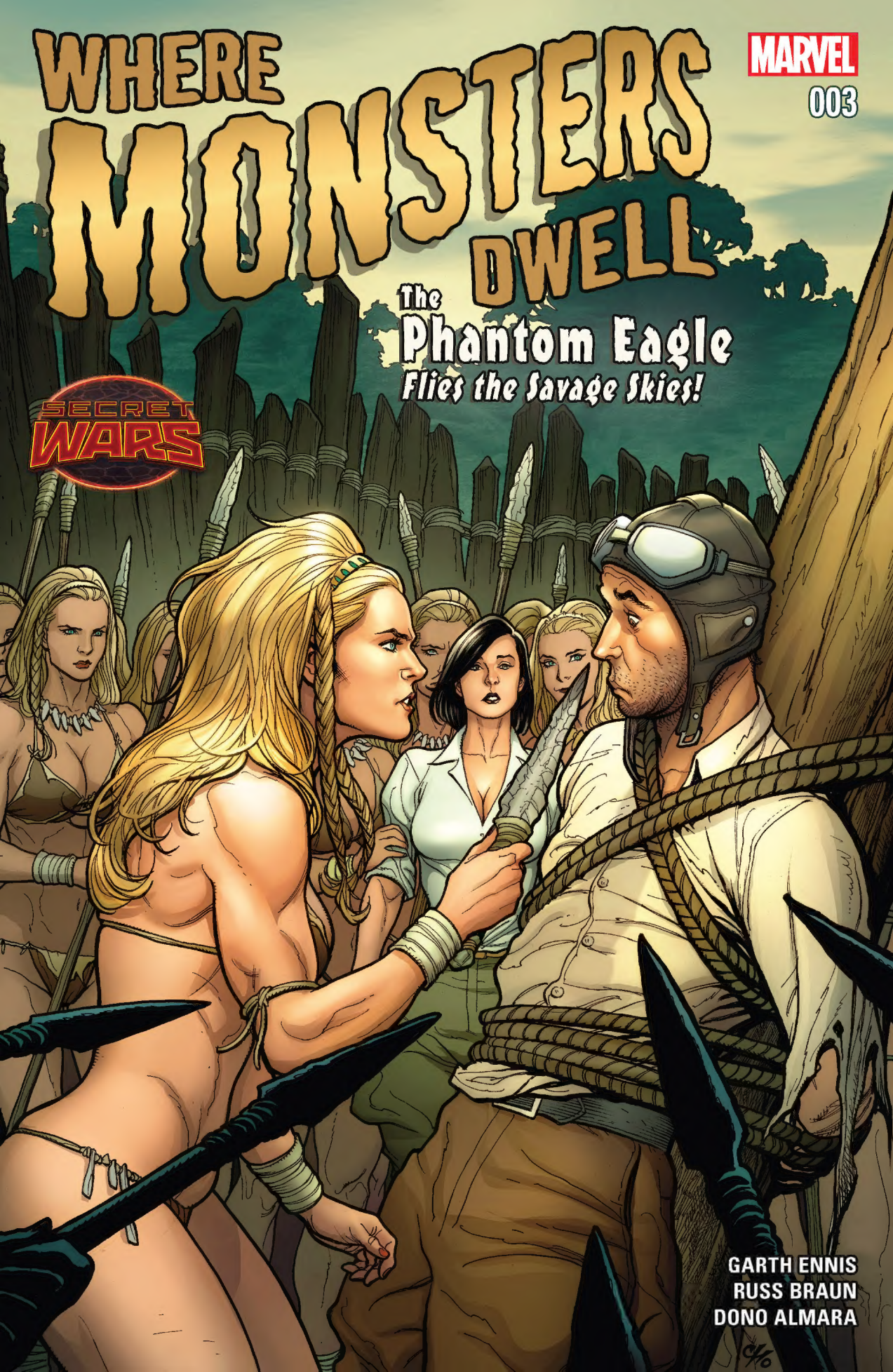
WHERE MONSTERS DWELL
MARVEL
003
The Phantom Eagle
Flies the Savage Skies!
SECRET WARS
GARTH ENNIS
RUSS BRAUN
DONO ALMARA

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

NOW ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**: A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

•

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

WHEN HIS PLANE WAS BLOWN OFF COURSE BY A STRANGE STORM, FLYING ACE (AND GENERAL JERK) KARL KAUFMANN AND HIS FETCHING PASSENGER CLEMMIE FRANKLIN-COX FOUND THEMSELVES IN A DANGEROUS REGION OF BATTLEWORLD...

WHERE MONSTERS DWELL

AFTER AVOIDING RAMPAGING DINOSAURS AND BERSERK MONSTERS, KARL AND CLEMMIE WERE CAPTURED BY A TRIBE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...AND NEITHER OF THEM SEEMS TOO UPSET.

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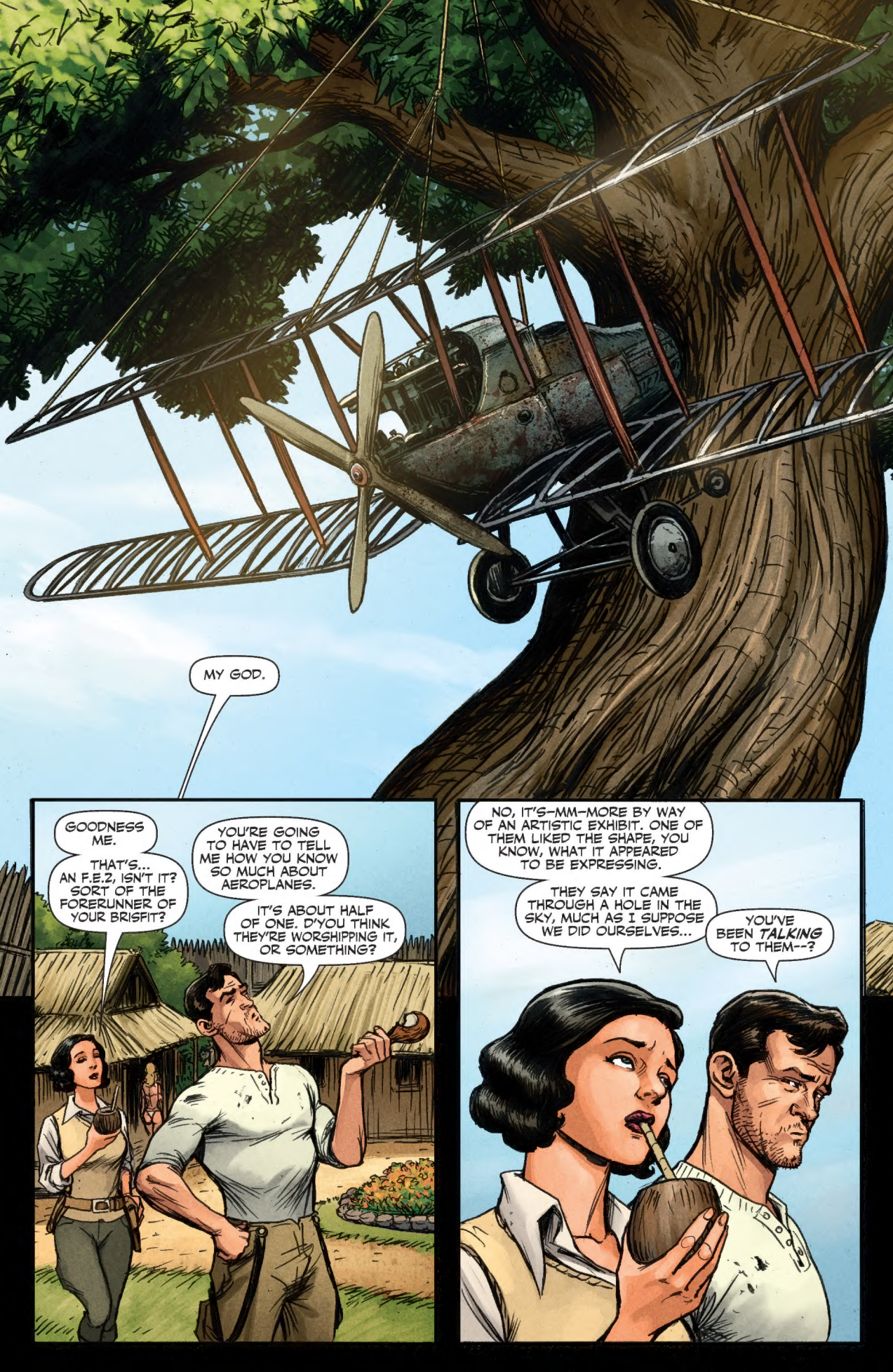
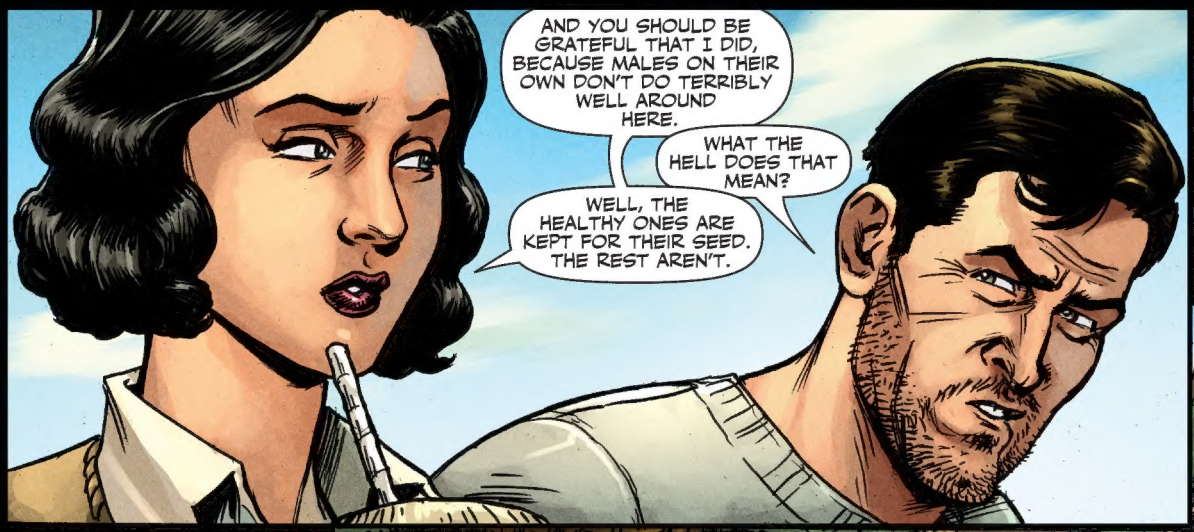
...WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN, MUMMY AND DADDY TOOK ME ASIDE AND ASKED ME IF I'D EVER BEEN TROUBLED BY WHAT THEY REFERRED TO AS SAPPHIC TENDENCIES, AND I SAID, WELL, I DON'T REALLY THINK TROUBLED IS THE RIGHT WORD, AND THERE AND THEN DADDY HAD THE MOST FRIGHTFUL STROKE...
SO I WAS PACKED OFF TO BOARDING SCHOOL—WHICH, OF COURSE, WORKED OUT SPLENDIDLY FOR ALL CONCERNED...
HUH. I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
SO THAT'S WHY THE OLD KAUFMANN CHARM DIDN'T WORK ON YOU, RIGHT?
YES. THAT'S THE SOLE REASON.
YOUR LOSS, SISTER.
MM-HM.
GOSH, IT MUST BE VERY PLEASANT LIVING LIKE THIS, MUSTN'T IT? CASTING ASIDE THE LUDICROUS STRICTURES OF SOCIETY ALONG WITH ONE'S CUMBERSOME ATTIRE... FEELING INHIBITION FALL AWAY LIKE THE DUST BETWEEN ONE'S TOES, GLORYING IN THE CARESS OF THE BREEZE ON ONE'S NAKED SKIN...
I IMAGINE IT WOULD BE LIKE A SORT OF WONDERFUL AWAKENING...

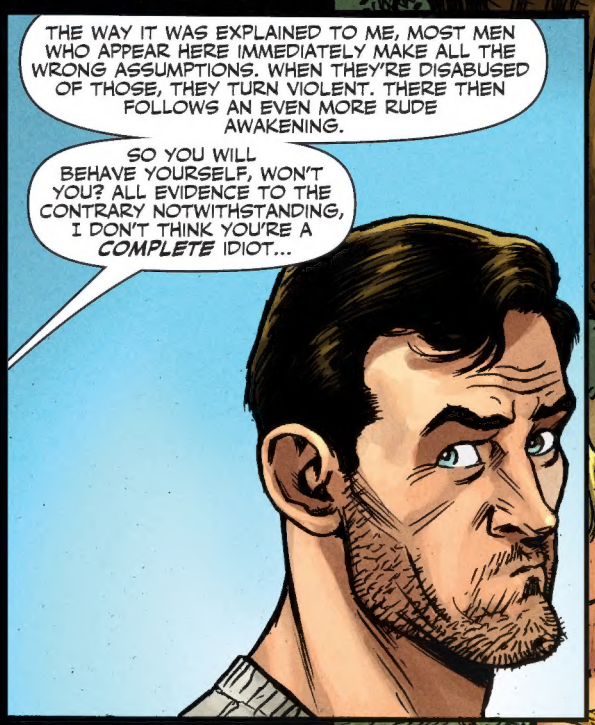
OH.
OH HOW JOLLY.
HOW... LIBERATING.
IT'S ALL DAMES.
DAMES, DAMES, DAMES, I'M THE ONLY MAN.
YES...A SENSIBLE MAN MIGHT BE WONDERING WHY THAT WAS...
AS OPPOSED TO–
I COULD BE KING...!
3: TIPPING THE VELVET


MY GOD.
GOODNESS ME.
THAT'S... AN F.E.2, ISN'T IT? SORT OF THE FORERUNNER OF YOUR BRISFIT?
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL ME HOW YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT AEROPLANES.
IT'S ABOUT HALF OF ONE. D'YOU THINK THEY'RE WORSHIPPING IT, OR SOMETHING?
NO, IT'S-MM-MORE BY WAY OF AN ARTISTIC EXHIBIT. ONE OF THEM LIKED THE SHAPE, YOU KNOW, WHAT IT APPEARED TO BE EXPRESSING.
THEY SAY IT CAME THROUGH A HOLE IN THE SKY, MUCH AS I SUPPOSE WE DID OURSELVES...
YOU'VE BEEN *TALKING* TO THEM--?

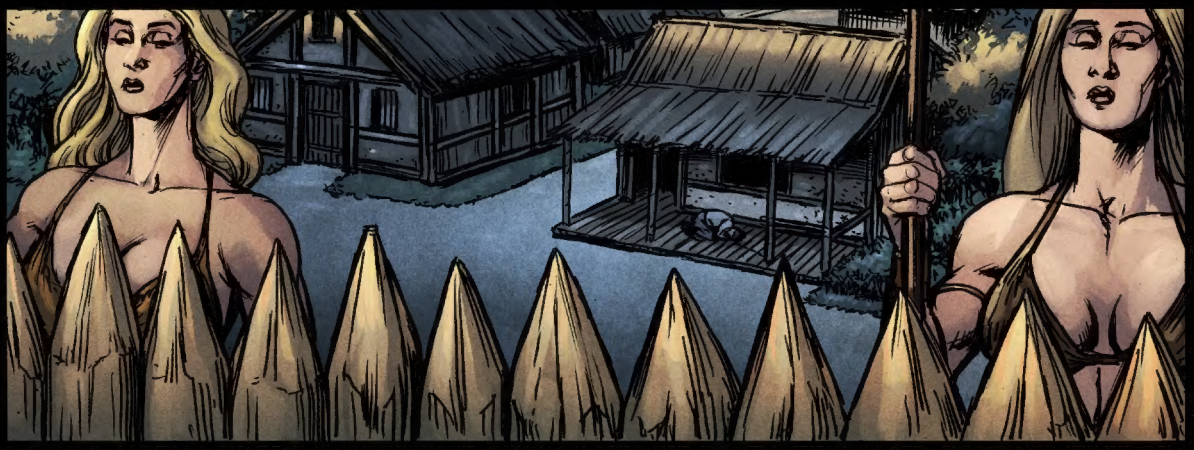
IT SEEMED THE POLITE THING TO DO, AFTER THEY MADE US SO WELCOME. RATHER THAN JUST STUFFING MY FACE AND WANDERING AROUND LIKE I OWNED THE PLACE.
NO, I MEAN– YOU ACTUALLY CAN?
MM-HM.
THEIR ANCESTORS CAME OVER FROM GREECE, ORIGINALLY, SO THEY'RE HARDLY GRUNTING PRIMITIVES. AND THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH VISITORS FROM VARIOUS CLIMES THAT THEY'RE LINGUISTICALLY QUITE ABLE.
ONE GIRL'S ACTUALLY FLUENT IN FINNISH. I GET THE IMPRESSION THEY'VE ONLY LIMITED INTEREST IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD; BUGGERING UP PARADISE THROUGH EXPOSURE TO OUR NOTION OF PROGRESS APPARENTLY HOLDS NO APPEAL...
THEY HAVE RATHER A GOOD LIBRARY, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED. OH, AND WE SEEM TO HAVE HIT IT OFF, THEY SAY I CAN STAY AS LONG AS I LIKE.
THAT'S THE ONLY ONE, I THINK THE CREW DIED IN THE CRASH. EVERYONE ELSE HAS COME BY SHIP.
THEY MENTION ANY OTHER AIRCRAFT?
I WONDER IF THERE'S STILL GAS IN THE TANKS.
OR IF THE PROP'S OKAY.
OH, AND THEY SAID I SHOULD BEAT MY SLAVE MORE OFTEN. HIS TABLE MANNERS ARE BEYOND THE PALE.

YOU TOLD THEM I WAS YOUR *SLAVE...?*
THEY ASSUMED AND I CONFIRMED.


AND YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL THAT I DID, BECAUSE MALES ON THEIR OWN DON'T DO TERRIBLY WELL AROUND HERE.
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?
WELL, THE HEALTHY ONES ARE KEPT FOR THEIR SEED. THE REST AREN'T.


THE WAY IT WAS EXPLAINED TO ME, MOST MEN WHO APPEAR HERE IMMEDIATELY MAKE ALL THE WRONG ASSUMPTIONS. WHEN THEY'RE DISABUSED OF THOSE, THEY TURN VIOLENT. THERE THEN FOLLOWS AN EVEN MORE RUDE AWAKENING.
SO YOU WILL BEHAVE YOURSELF, WON'T YOU? ALL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A *COMPLETE* IDIOT...

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO LEARN YOUR PLACE.

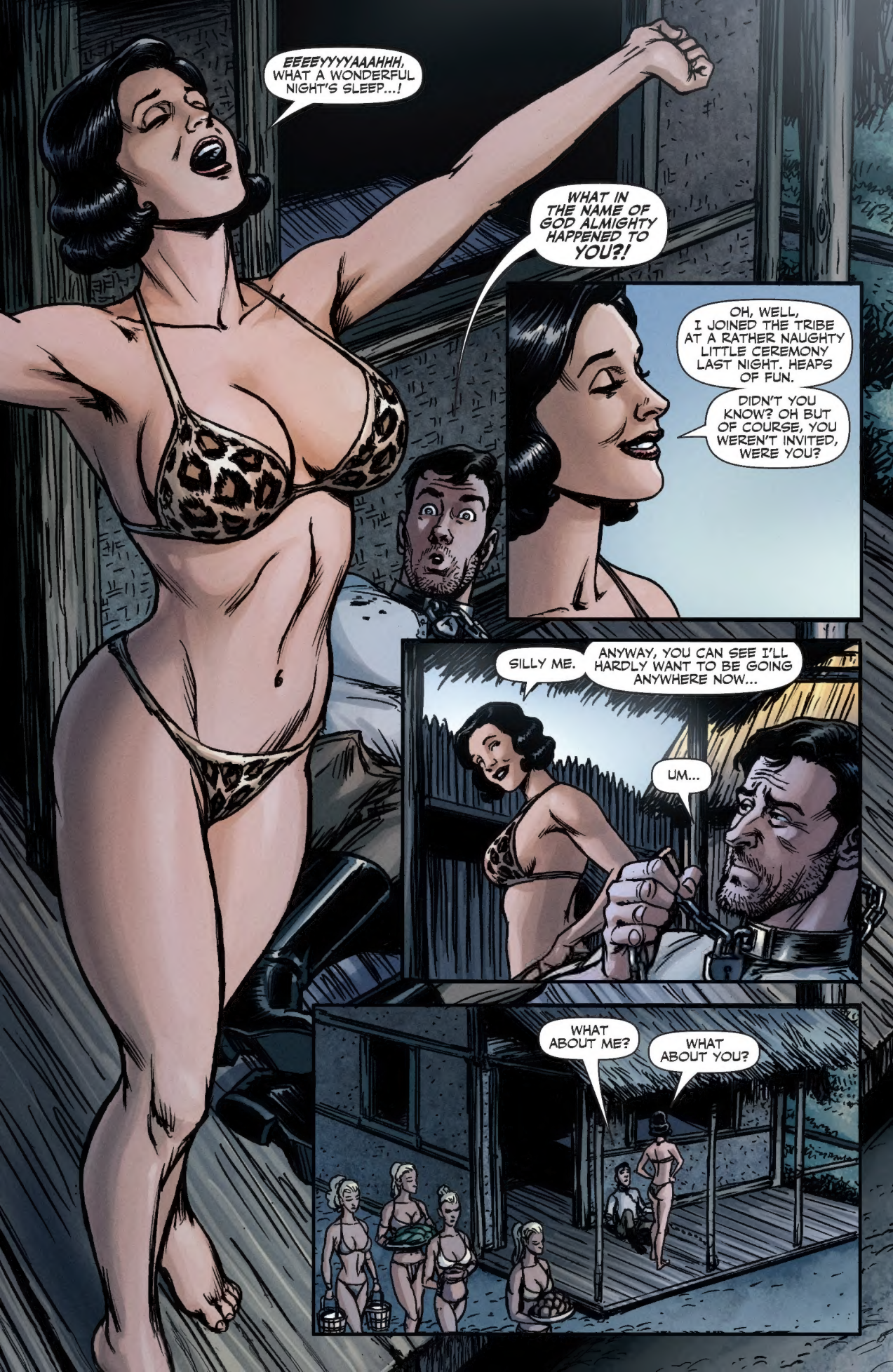


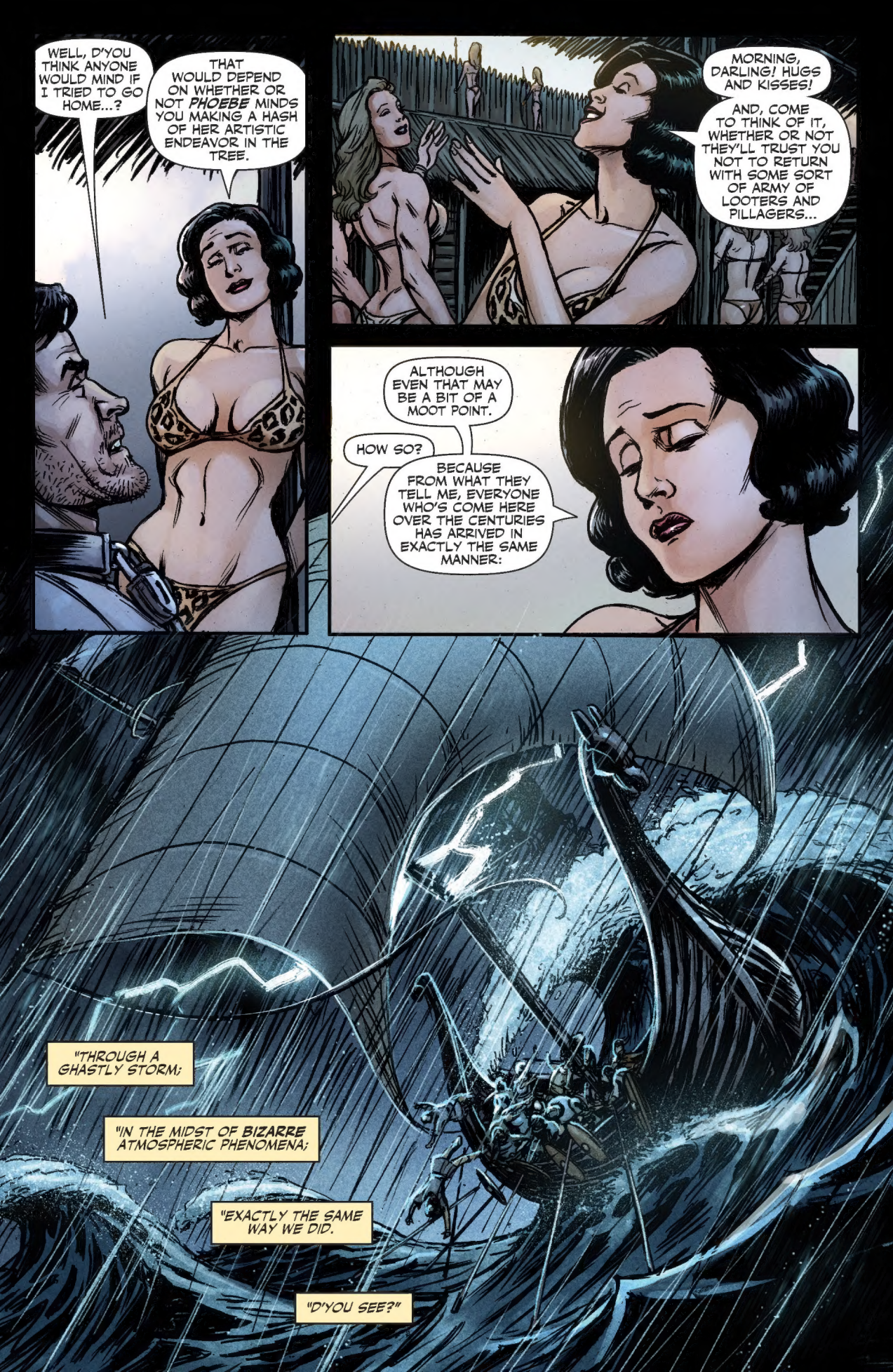
CLEMMIE?
CLEMMIE--!

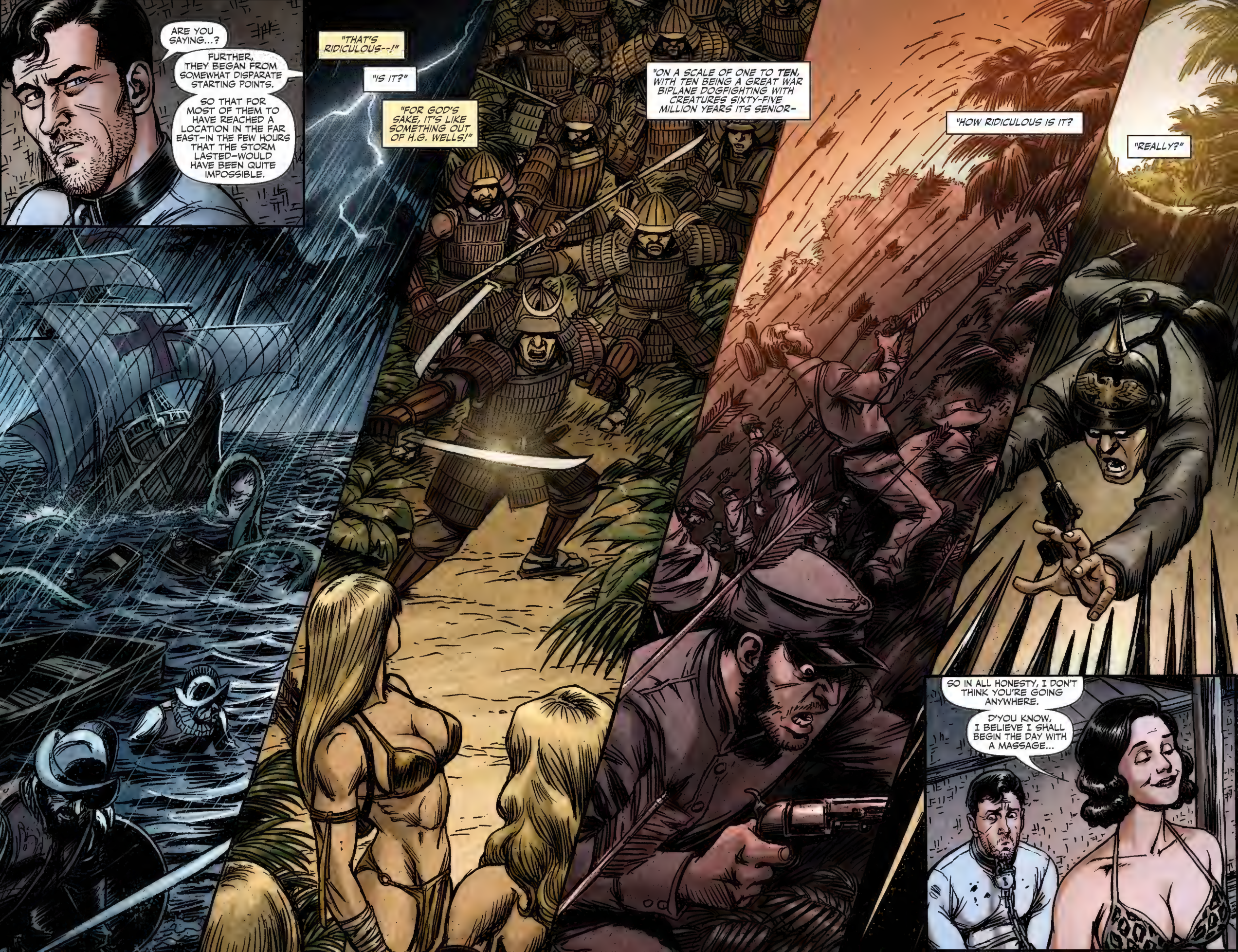
MMM...?
LISTEN. I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET US OUT OF HERE.

I THINK IF WE CAN GET THE PROPELLER OFF THAT F.E.2...AND ANY GAS SHE STILL HAS IN HER...AND TAKE EVERYTHING BACK ACROSS THE CHANNEL AND THROUGH THE JUNGLE...
THEN I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIX THE PROP TO THE BRISFIT, AND THEN WE CAN GO BACK HOME...

BUT WHAT ON EARTH MAKES YOU THINK I'D WANT TO LEAVE?


EEEEYYYYAAAHHH, WHAT A WONDERFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP...!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD ALMIGHTY HAPPENED TO YOU?!
OH, WELL, I JOINED THE TRIBE AT A RATHER NAUGHTY LITTLE CEREMONY LAST NIGHT. HEAPS OF FUN.
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? OH BUT OF COURSE, YOU WEREN'T INVITED, WERE YOU?
SILLY ME.
ANYWAY, YOU CAN SEE I'LL HARDLY WANT TO BE GOING ANYWHERE NOW...
UM...
WHAT ABOUT ME?
WHAT ABOUT YOU?


WELL, D'YOU THINK ANYONE WOULD MIND IF I TRIED TO GO HOME...?
THAT WOULD DEPEND ON WHETHER OR NOT PHOEBE MINDS YOU MAKING A HASH OF HER ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR IN THE TREE.
MORNING, DARLING! HUGS AND KISSES!
AND, COME TO THINK OF IT, WHETHER OR NOT THEY'LL TRUST YOU NOT TO RETURN WITH SOME SORT OF ARMY OF LOOTERS AND PILLAGERS...
ALTHOUGH EVEN THAT MAY BE A BIT OF A MOOT POINT.
HOW SO?
BECAUSE FROM WHAT THEY TELL ME, EVERYONE WHO'S COME HERE OVER THE CENTURIES HAS ARRIVED IN EXACTLY THE SAME MANNER:
"THROUGH A GHASTLY STORM;
"IN THE MIDST OF BIZARRE ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA;
"EXACTLY THE SAME WAY WE DID.
"D'YOU SEE?"


ARE YOU SAYING...?
FURTHER, THEY BEGAN FROM SOMEWHAT DISPARATE STARTING POINTS.
SO THAT FOR MOST OF THEM TO HAVE REACHED A LOCATION IN THE FAR EAST–IN THE FEW HOURS THAT THE STORM LASTED–WOULD HAVE BEEN QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.
"THAT'S RIDICULOUS--!"
"IS IT?"
"FOR GOD'S SAKE, IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF H.G. WELLS!"
"ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN, WITH TEN BEING A GREAT WAR BIPLANE DOGFIGHTING WITH CREATURES SIXTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS ITS SENIOR–
"HOW RIDICULOUS IS IT?
"REALLY?"
SO IN ALL HONESTY, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING ANYWHERE.
D'YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE I SHALL BEGIN THE DAY WITH A MASSAGE...

?
HELLO...?
'ELLO?
DID I 'EAR A...A BLOKE'S VOICE...?
WHAT THE HELL--?
GET YOU TOO, DID THEY... THEM VIXENS...
CAN'T SEE YER, MATE– ME EYES IS ALL BUT RUINED, WIV ALL THE SEED THEY MAKE ME COME UP WIV...
GIVE US A PROPER LOOK AT YER, STEP CLOSER...

DAAAH--!
TOM 'ARKINS IS THE NAME, MY SON...LATE OF 'IS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER LANYARD...
WOT... WOT YEAR IS IT...?
UH...IT'S...UH, NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE, LAST WEEK OF APRIL...
GAWD.
OH GAWD.
'EAVENLY FATHER 'ELP US, IT'S ONLY BEEN SIX MONTHS...!
D'YOU 'EAR THAT, BILL, WE AIN'T BEEN 'ERE BUT 'ALF A BLEEDIN' YEAR!
SWOLLEN
NO MORE
SWOLLEN
SWOLLEN

THOSE EVIL BITCHES! OKAY, HANG ON, I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT!
OH, GAWD BLESS YER, SIR... YER A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN, THAT YER ARE...
I'M OVER HERE!
SWOLLEN

TURNED ME ON AN' ORF LIKE A TAP, THEY DID...PUMPIN' AWAY...TREATED ME LIKE A BLINKIN' OBJECT...
DAMMIT!
STAND BACK, HARKINS, I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT–

SWOLLEN

JUST COULDN'T LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE, COULD YOU?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE *DOING* DOWN THERE...?
YOU MEAN CHIEF PETTY OFFICER HARKINS AND BILL THE CABIN BOY? YES, I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT.
ALSO WHAT THEY AND THE REST OF THEIR CREW TRIED TO DO WHEN THEY FIRST ARRIVED.
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN! *NO ONE* DESERVES TO BE TREATED LIKE THAT!
A *CRI DE COEUR* ECHOED BY INNUMERABLE WOMEN SINCE TIME BEGAN. BUT NO ONE EVER LISTENED TO THEM.
WHAT?
MM... YES...
HEY!
YES, VERY TRUE. GOOD POINT.
HEY, HOW COME NONE OF THEM'LL SAY ANYTHING TO ME?
BECAUSE THEY ALL THINK YOU'RE A COMPLETE ARSE.

UH?
JUST MY LITTLE JOKE. IT'S BECAUSE IT'S CONSIDERED RUDE TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE ELSE'S SLAVE; DISCIPLINE IS A MATTER FOR THE OWNER ALONE.

LISTEN, DAMMIT, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! I AM NOT A SLAVE!

YOU THINK I'M SCARED OF YOU? YOU THINK BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT THE NUMBERS YOU CAN TELL KARL KAUFMANN WHAT TO DO--?
WELL, I DIDN'T SURVIVE TWO YEARS ON THE WESTERN FRONT TO END UP AS A WALKING TESTICLE! I'LL STAKE MY LIFE NOT A SINGLE ONE OF YOU HAS THE GUTS TO TAKE ME ON! TO FIGHT A MAN ONE-ON-ONE FOR HIS FREEDOM!

HOW ABOUT IT, LADIES? SINGLE COMBAT! ME AGAINST THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!
TO THE DEATH!

DI.
DI.
DI.
MM. DI.
DI.

DIE? IS THAT SUPPOSED TO FRIGHTEN ME, OR SOMETHING?
AH, NOT DIE.
DI.
BIG DI.
I THINK SHE'S SORT OF THE TRIBAL CHAMPION...
NOW WAIT A MINUTE--!
JESUS...!

OH YES, THERE IT IS.
EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED.
WHAT?
YOUR TATTOO.
HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
HOW INDEED.
DESCRIBED? WHO THE HELL COULD'VE–
WAIT A MINUTE.
JUST HOLD ON.
CLEMENTINE FRANKLIN-COX...?
BUT– HOW DID–
HEY, WHERE ARE THEY TAKING ME--?
THEY SAID THE CHOPPING BLOCK.

THEY'RE GOING TO EXECUTE ME?!
PRESUMABLY. FOMENTING A SLAVE REBELLION IS APPARENTLY QUITE A SERIOUS CRIME.
THEY CAN'T! YOU CAN'T LET THEM! JESUS CHRIST!
WAIT! NO! I'M SORRY! I TAKE IT ALL BACK! I'LL BEHAVE! PLEASE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S INHUMAN! GOD, NO, NO, NO, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
HEEEEELLLLP!!
...WAIT A MINUTE, HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO FIT ON THAT?

GOOD POINT.
IF ANYTHING IT'S PROBABLY A TAD TOO BIG.
TO BE CONTINUED

Tyrant
Lizard
King
EMPIRE